

IT IS NOT THE WILL OF YOUR FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN.

THE CHILD AT HOME.

THAT ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES SHOULD PERISH.

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THE CAMEL.

THE WHITE ROSE-BUSH.

BY REV. J. D. STRONG.

HOW do you think you would feel, little reader, were you to come back to your birthplace after twenty years' absence? Probably just as I did, when I wandered by a half-wild path into the old burying-ground. Like most homes of the dead in country places, it had been badly neglected. The fence was half broken down; bushes choked the paths; weeds and tall grass grew on the graves; the grave-stones were leaning, and many of them broken; the flowers that grief and love had planted on the little mounds were cramped and half hid; and the whole seemed so neglected and lonely, and it was so difficult for me to find the old places, that I turned with a sort of half-shudder away.

Just then I saw a small white rose-bush struggling up through the rank growth of grass, and stopped to look at it. It had five buds, and one full-blown flower, and it seemed to be so fragrant with love for the little darling that slept below, that I kneeled down and began to tear away the grass to see the name on the head-stone. But the letters were all overgrown and hid with moss. I cleaned it away with my knife, and read:—

"TABITHA EMILY."

"BEAUTIFUL IN LIFE—LAMENTED IN DEATH."

These words told me that the little rose-bush had stood there a generation and a half, wrestling with the winds and snows of winter, and shedding sweet odors on the air in summer, as a beautiful emblem of a mother's love. They took me back more than

forty years, to a bright spring morning when my mother carried me in her arms to that spot and then planted the little rose-bush on the grave of my favorite sister.

I was but two years and a half old, and she five, when she died; yet I remembered her so distinctly that I could almost see her again, as I knelt by her grave. All the little things we had said and done to each other, though I had not thought of them for years before, rose up instantly like beautiful pictures before me. The little white rose-bush had marshaled them all in order, and sent them trooping through my memory like a glorious procession of angels in a dream; and there, in the tall grass by the small head-stone, I lived them over again. We again walked hand-in-hand in the meadow for blueberries and buttercups; we gathered the wild cherries, and plucked the cowslips, and made grass chains and dandelion whistles; we played school, built cob-houses, arranged cupboards of broken crockery, had dollies' feasts, and cooked dirt pies in our little stone oven; we dressed puss up in the baby's night-gown; we put spectacles on old Rover's nose, and then rolled in the grass, and laughed to see how grave and wise and deacon-like he looked.

But the little prayer-meeting we used to hold on the Sabbath came back freshest of all; and the very tones of that dearly loved and long-remembered sister seemed to be again in my ear, as she plead in a low but earnest voice that God would "Take care of baby-brother and make him good!" Those prayers, though out of infant lips, have certainly been answered, and have done more to mould the character and shape the life of that brother, than all the influences of later years.

And then she was so good while she lived! and it was so sweet to remember how kind and gentle and loving she always was! I could not recollect one naughty word or deed she ever said or did. The little hands, that were so cold and stiff down there in the grave at my feet, had never struck me; the little blue eyes, now closed forever under those clods, had never flashed on me in anger; the little face beneath that grass-tangled turf, had never scowled at me in hate and passion; the little tongue, now so still down there in the ground, had never called me a hard name; and the lips that were turning to dust under that white rose-bush, had never pouted, nor mocked, nor reviled me, nor uttered an unkind word that I could remember.

It made me very happy, and I said; O! that all brothers and sisters could see this rose-bush as I see it to-day, and could understand as I do what they are now doing to each other! and could feel as they will feel, by and by, when they come back from long absence and stand by the graves of their lost ones! for then, I think, they would treat each other very differently from what they now sometimes do.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.—Some brothers and sisters are unkind to each other. It is a pity they should ever be so. The story about the "White Rose Bush," will teach them that it is better to be kind and loving. I am sure it will be a good story to remember. The moral of it is "Be kind."

A FABLE FROM THE GERMAN.

BY OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

ONCE, within a garden gay,
On a sunny summer's day,
Flew a bee from flower to flower,
Gathering honey hour by hour;
Busy, bustling, buzzing bee, —
Happier than the idlers, he!

There the gardener's little daughter,
Carrying slow her can of water
For the blossoms white and yellow,
Found the thrifty little fellow,
Lighting here, and lighting there,
Sipping honey everywhere.

"O, my bee!" she cried in haste
"Are you careful what you taste?
Know you not some flowers hold
Poison in their cups of gold?
If unwarily you fly,
You might drink thereof and die!"

"Maiden!" laughed the little bee,
"I have wisdom, don't you see?
Where there's sweetness, I receive it,
Where there's poison, there I leave it,
Take the good, and leave the bitter;
What is wiser, better, fitter?"

"If you'd have a heart at ease,
Copy us, your cautious bees!
Garner in the pure and sweet,
Tread the evil 'neath your feet;
Clasp the good, the true, the glad,
Cast away the false and bad."

THE CHILD AT HOME.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1872.

National, Christian, Unsectarian.

"THE CHILD AT HOME gives us perfect satisfaction. We have only used it one year, but can't do without it now, to keep up an interest in the school.

"E. W. STEARNS,
"Sup't F. Baptist S. S., Evansville, Wis."

SPEAKING of *Apples of Gold*, a Sunday-school Superintendent in Massachusetts writes, "It is just what I have been wanting for the Infant School."

SUSIE'S PARTY.

BY CHARLOTTE GREY.

OUR Susie was a little miss of six years, but one whose ideas of her own importance, and the attention due her from others, were far in advance of her age. Bright, merry, and loving, she was considered quite a pet among the older children, and often invited to join them in their plays and parties. Other girls, she said, had parties, and why couldn't she? Even if she wasn't grown-up, she had no fears of failure in entertaining the whole group of young ladies of her acquaintance. So earnest and persevering was Susie in her entreaties, that permission was at last granted her to have the long-desired party on her next birthday, which came in the long and sunny summer days.

From that time, one subject filled Susie's mind; it was to be the great event of her life, and she must spare no pains in planning and preparing for it. The first thing was to decide who should be her guests, and with pencil and paper she sat down to write the list. Perhaps you couldn't have made out those funny little marks, that crawled in so crooked a way all over the sheet; but to Susie's bright eyes, nothing was plainer than "Carrie Stone," "Fannie Bennett," and the names of all the rest of her little friends.

The next thing to perplex the young hostess' mind was the supper; for, like some older ones, she thought nothing could supply the place of many and various kinds of cakes, in fanciful shapes, with icing on these, and plums in those, and nice pure candies dropped in here and there to fill up all the crevices. On this point, however, mamma promised to do her best, and after this assurance, she knew that all would be exactly right.

At last, the day that had seemed so far in the distance dawned fresh and fair upon patient Susie. Early in the afternoon dainty white dresses, with gay-colored ribbons fluttering in the wind, and little heads crowned with Sunday hats, might have been seen coming by twos and threes, and all directing their steps to "the party." The broad lawn, with its overshadowing trees, and its rustic seats in fantastic little arbors, put on its most smiling face to tempt the lively company to enjoy their plays upon its grassy surface.

Little folks are not apt to have awkward pauses in conversation; neither do they often sit stiff and prim with folded hands, each waiting for some one more gifted than themselves to break the silence and charm them all. Quite different was it this afternoon; the only difficulty was to choose among the many games proposed by eager voices; but soon everything was nicely arranged, and shouts and songs and merry laughter filled the air of the soft, summer afternoon. But don't you know that sometimes in the very brightest days, with the bluest of skies, suddenly a black cloud arises, fills the air with growling thunder, darkens the earth below, and then as suddenly vanishes? So it happened that when

spread before them! Delicate biscuits, with bits of cold tongue just seen through the edges; tarts, with great lumps of crystal jelly; cakes, in such abundance and variety as to quite astonish the hungry group; pyramids of rosy apples and mellow pears, and best of all, in the middle of the table, towering over all the other dishes, a most dazzling display of candies. When the appetites of the little girls had been satisfied with the more substantial food provided, this last dish was handed round, and each allowed to choose, from the pretty and curious shapes, such as best pleased her.

There chanced to be in this collection one design which all agreed in calling the prettiest, and which each wanted for herself; but Fannie Bennett had decided that she *must* have it, and to see Jennie Snow carrying away that lovely sugar nest, with one sugar bird faithfully setting inside, and another, with open mouth, making all the music possible for so sweet a bird, perched on the edge of the nest, was quite too much for her small stock of patience.

Thereupon followed such floods of tears and such bitter complaints that poor Jennie would gladly have given up her treasure, had not Susie's mamma interfered, and let Fannie have her own way and go home.



KATY'S PHOTOGRAPH.

all seemed peaceful and happy, in the midst of their enjoyment, a dark and heavy cloud hovered over them and for a while shut out all the sunshine. They were having a merry time playing "drop the handkerchief," when all at once Fannie Bennett said she was going home. Immediately the game was stopped, and inquiries of "What's the matter?" "what's the matter?" were heard from the distressed playmates. The cause of her sulking was soon made known. Her turn in the game didn't come often enough, and so she wasn't going to stay any longer. But the entreaties of the little girls, and the promise that she should have both her own and Susie's chance in the game, induced her to come back, and soon their sports began again. But Fannie had lost her character, and could never undo the unfortunate deed of that afternoon. Without realizing it, her companions were kept in constant fear that by some thoughtless act of theirs, the frowning face and pouting lips would appear, and Miss Fannie start for home once more.

One game followed another through the long hours, until, as the sun peeped at them lower and lower through the trees, the tinkling of a bell announced to them that supper was prepared in the beautiful grove near the house. What a feast was

Travellers in the East describe the wonderful ruins of a castle near a small Arab town. The walls, built of massive stone, which would seem to resist all the powers of earth and air, lie crumbling to decay; but what strikes us as most remarkable is the cause of all this ruin. It is said that tiny seeds lodging between the huge granite squares, have sprouted and become trees of such size as to wrench asunder these almost solid walls, and produce the results for which the elements were powerless.

Is there no lesson to be learned from this?

Is it not to be feared that the seeds of envy and selfishness, which the young so carelessly sow, may in their mature years become plants that will uproot all pure and gentle traits of character, and leave only a wasted and ruined life?

KATY'S PHOTOGRAPH.

BUT she can't have a picture taken in that way!" you say. No matter, it is just as much fun. I love to see dear little children play so nicely. Johnny says:—

"Now Katy, be still, and don't move a speck!

Hold the hearth-broom just so;

It's your knitting, you know.

Now Katy, don't move, and Katy, mind, don't you laugh."

THE CHILD AT HOME.

Why, I should like to sit down there and let Johnny take my portrait! How very nice it is! Come Katy, and Johnny, let us sit down on that lounge, and tell each other stories! Y.

TITLES OF JESUS.

- A** is for Advocate, Alpha, Amen;
All titles of Jesus, Saviour of men.
- B** is for Bridegroom, for Bishop, for Bread,
The soul that receives Him, with manna is fed.
- C** is for Corner-stone, Captain, and Chief,
The Christ who could pardon the penitent thief.
- D** is for Day-star, Deliverer, Door,
Who enters this way hath life evermore.
- E** the Everlasting Father who stands,
Inviting dear children with wide open hands.
- F** is for Faithful, and true is the name,
For Christ to his people remaineth the same.
- G** is for Governor, God over all,
Dispensing his gifts to the great and the small.
- H** is the Holy and Harmless High Priest,
Through whom sin is pardoned as soon as confessed.
- I** is Immanuel, bringing God near,
The Son whom we worship and serve without fear.
- J** is for Jesus, for Judge, and for Just,
He cometh in glory! O! make Him your trust.
- K** is for King, and as such He shall reign,
Till death is destroyed, and his enemies slain.
- L** is for Lamb, for Lord and for Lion,
The Lowly, in pomp, to reign over Zion.
- M** is the Mighty One, mighty to save,
When Peter was sinking beneath the wild wave.
- N** is for Nazarene, humble the name,
But glory shall crown and scatter its shame.
- O** is Omega, the first and the last,
For He shall endure when all ages are past.
- P** is our Passover, Prophet, and Priest;
But as Prince of earth's Peace, his fame is increased.
- Q** is a Quickening Spirit, we read,
The second man Adam, the woman's pure seed.
- R** is our Refuge, our Rock of defense;
Not Satan nor suffering shall move us from thence.
- S** is for Shepherd, for Sun, and for Shield;
He guides while the Sword of the Spirit we wield.
- T** is for Teacher, whose lessons are truth;
Turn now unto Him as the Guide of your youth.
- U** the Unspeakable gift from above,
The Father sent down in his infinite love.
- V** is for Vine, and his branches we are;
If abiding in Him, much fruit we shall bear.
- W** for Wonderful, for Witness, for Word,
Whose Godhead from John with deep awe we have heard.

For X, Y, and Z no titles are found,
Yet HE, ALL in ALL, doth in fullness abound.
Anna Belle, in The Christian, London.

IN A BARREL.



WONDER how they got there, and why they did it! This is what I imagine I hear each of you say as you look at the picture, and I will try to explain it as well as I can.

There were two wrong things in the case. When I was a child I was told, "Two wrongs never made a right," and this case tends to prove it. Do you see that black girl with her hands behind her back? Do you see the old gig at the gate? These are connected with the "two wrongs."

In the first place, when the gig was in the shed, the children took two little pussies and shut them in the box under the seat. Did you ever see the box under the cushions of a gig? It was an odd thing to do, but these children did it. When papa drove away he heard the pussies whine and scratch under the seat. He thought at first the noise was at the side of the road, but of course he soon found out just where it was.

When the children saw the gig coming back, they were frightened. Did you ever hear of any one who was frightened because he had done a good deed? Adam and Eve were once frightened because they had done a bad deed, were they not? Well, when Susanna saw that the children were frightened, she told them to run and hide in the barrel. They did it, and that was wrong the second.

What good does it do to run away from anything in that way? They did not stop and think that they could not live very long in a barrel, and that they must soon come out where their papa would be sure to find them.

Now I have told you how and why the children got into the barrel. I did not promise to tell how they got out. I think they sneaked out, as if they were ashamed of themselves. They appear ashamed now, I think. L.

EARNEST BOYS.



THESE boys are as easily distinguished in the Sabbath-school, as earnest men are in the Church and the world; they are also as much needed and as rare.

Be in earnest. Pretend nothing. You cannot



IN A BARREL.

even come to Sabbath-school without doing good, if you come in the right spirit.

With the month of May most of our Sunday-schools held their anniversary exercises, and gladly recounted God's mercies to them. Who among the thousands of Sunday-school boys and girls who read this little sermon to them, will be downright in earnest for this new Sunday-school year.

Be so in earnest that you will come with lessons prepared; come early and constantly; come with attention, and affectionate and polite behavior; come prayerfully.

Before you sits your teacher. Depend upon it, he or she comes to you right from their private place of prayer. They are in earnest. They are so earnest that day after day they pray for you. Be earnest too. It is your only proof of sincerity. Do not forget it. Be earnest, faithful Christians. Nothing else can save you here, or hereafter.

BATCHELDER.

WALTHAM, May, 1872.

THE FIRST TEMPTATION.

BY MARION GRAYTON.



WALLACE DEAN looked with wistful eyes at the pink candy that Freddie Winters drew from his pocket just before reaching the school-house; he thought how nice it would be if his mother would fill his pockets with

nuts, apples, oranges, or candy, as Freddie's mother frequently did; but this was not likely to happen; and as he seldom had any money given him to spend for luxuries, it was not strange that he did sigh for the niceties that children prize so highly.

Wallace went into the school-house entry, feeling like an ill-used boy, though he did not look like one, with his neat gray suit, white linen collar, and nicely brushed hair, all denoting a mother's careful touches. Freddie hung up his cap and overcoat, and went into school, for the pupils were in their seats; but it chanced that Wallace was the monitor that week, so he remained in the entry until after the morning exercises; and as he stood there alone, an evil thought entered his mind; he would just look at the candy which hung in Freddie's pocket; surely there could be no harm in so doing. Ah! the harm came afterwards; he drew the package of confectionery slyly from its hiding-place, and then, fancying that he heard the teacher's advancing steps, he hastily concealed it in his satchel, and walked boldly into the school-room.

At intermission, Freddie was quite perplexed about his candy; but, being thoroughly honest himself, he did not suspect any of his companions of dishonesty; and, concluding that he must have lost

it before reaching school, he dismissed all thoughts about it, and joined heartily in the sports of the play-ground. Widely different was it with Wallace; a sense of wrong-doing made him uneasy and unhappy, and on a plea of headache, he obtained permission to remain in his seat; nor could the persuasions of his schoolmates induce him to join their number. After school he skulked away from the rest of the boys, and after he had seen the teachers and scholars depart, he ate the stolen candy; but after all, it did not seem such a prize as at first.

If a boy or girl says in a decided manner, "No, I will not yield!" when a temptation assails him or her, it will be much easier to overcome the next; but if they do not resist the first time, other sins will surely attack them and make them prisoners. This proved true in Wallace's case. Some weeks later, there was a great outcry in the school, for one of the girls had lost a pearl-handled knife from her desk. She was sure that it was there when she went home at noon, and when she looked for it in the afternoon it had disappeared; and she lamented its loss all the more because it was a Christmas gift. Wallace heard the commotion with a beating heart, for the knife lay in his pocket; but as his deportment had always appeared correct, the name of thief was the last one to be imputed to him, so he escaped detection, while other boys, whose reputation did not stand so high as his, were suspected. Presently so many things began to disappear that the scholars became very shy of leaving any of their valuables

about, and asked, wonderingly, "Who is the thief?" but no clue was found for a long time.

Meanwhile Wallace grew bold in sin. "My son, run up-stairs and get a letter out of my coat pocket; I got one for your mother at the office, and forgot to tell her," said Mr. Dean, at the dinner-table one day. Wallace did as he was directed; and in feeling for the letter, his hand came in contact with his father's pocket-book. Ah, he wanted a little money very badly, and persuading himself that a small sum would not be missed, he drew out two fifty-cent checks, and went hastily down stairs. If Mr. Dean had missed ten dollars from his pocket-book, he would not have suspected his son, whom he thought rather superior to the mass of boys, and yet the purloining of those checks was only one of many such acts, and every time the chains grew closer and closer around him. One day a grim-looking policeman opened the door of Mr. Bryant's school-room, and after bidding him good morning, asked in a stern tone, "Boy named Wallace Dean present, sir?"

O, how deadly pale was the face of that boy! how startled looked his mates, how surprised and grieved his teacher, as he bade him rise in his seat. The policeman beckoned, and Wallace followed him into the entry, looking as if he would like to have the floor open and swallow him up from the sight of one and all.

"What is it? what has Wallace Dean been doing, that a policeman should take him away?" asked the children, with awe in their looks and tones.

"He entered a store last night, with some bad boys, and took some money; and, scholars, it seems from his own confession that he has been in the habit of taking money from his father for a long time, and he is the one who has stolen so many of the articles belonging to the scholars. O, children, avoid the beginnings of evil, for small sins—if there are such things—lead to great ones," said Mr. Bryant, as he came into the room, after he had held a long conversation with the policeman and the culprit. The way of transgressors is hard! If Wallace's heart quaked with terror when he heard his name called by the police officer, it ached with anguish upon beholding the grief of his parents when his guilt was made known to them; and his sensations of shame cannot be described as he stood in the court-room, in company with those bad boys, to be arraigned before the judge for the offense.

I wish that I could say that this dark experience made him a wiser and better boy, but he gives no evidence of such a change; he is fast becoming a bold, disagreeable lad, annoying those with whom he comes in contact by his profane and shameless language; shunned by his schoolmates, and grieved over by his parents. So his example only emphasizes strongly his teacher's sorrowful words, "Children, avoid the beginnings of evil, for small sins lead to great ones."

THE CAMEL.

HERE is a picture of a camel on the first page of this paper. It shows just how the animal looks as it goes over the plains and deserts of Eastern lands. I think it must be a very hard way to travel on such a beast. I intended to say a good deal about that picture, but there is not room enough in this paper.

IN A RUT.

BETTY was the name of a little girl, the daughter of a washerwoman who lived in a tumble-down house by a wood, and washed clothes for the city boarders who came to spend the hot weather in the pleasant farm-houses near by.

Betty used to draw the basket of clothes to their owners on a wagon made of a piece of plank, and four wooden wheels, with a rope for a pole. If you ever tried to draw a wagon with a rope, you know it is hard work. The fore wheels will go wrong, the best you can do; and I don't think any way has

ever been invented to make a wagon draw easily and in a straightforward manner without a pole—a real pole.

Now if there were a track such as the horse-cars in the cities have, a wagon would run well enough, would it not? The horse-cars have no poles, you know, at least some of them have not. It would be a great deal easier to have a track, but I think any driver accustomed to drive a wagon with a pole, on a smooth road, with no ruts or tracks, would tell you that he liked such a road better, because he could show more skill in driving.

How easy it is for any of us to get into ruts, and to go straight along in them day by day! It is easier for a boy to go along in the same way every day, and not inquire if there is any better way. I say it is easier, but is it better? Is it not a good thing to ask the question once in a while, "Am I not getting into ruts?"

Betty finds it very hard to get her wagon out of the ruts when it's once got in, and it was easier to keep it out of them entirely.

Habits of using "slang" are ruts. Did you ever hear a boy talk with whom everything was "awfully jolly," or "gay?" Did you ever hear a girl who thought every bonnet, or mountain, or even Niagara,



IN A RUT.

was "sweetly pretty?" I have. They used one word or expression instead of another, and they were so in the habit of doing so as not to know when they did it; and their talk was weak and without expression. Suppose you compare a winding road, with a straight horse-car track, and see which is prettier. N.

SEEKING AND FINDING.

HAT is it, Johnnie?" asked Mrs. Lee, one day, of her youngest little son. "Why are you jumping about so?"

"The milkwoman's gived me a ha'penny, mammy, and I'se going to buy somethin' nice with it," answered Johnnie, clapping his hands joyfully together.

Little John Lee is nearly five years old. His father and mother are poor and unlearned, but they tell their children how the Lord Jesus loves them, and wishes them to love and trust Him. They sow the good seed, and sometimes it springs up and has flowers and fruit.

All that day Johnnie felt a rich man. He considered gravely, not what *could* he, but what *should* he buy with his dear halfpenny. The very next day, however, all his delight was turned into distress and grief.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked his mother, presently, hearing a sad outcry.

"O, dear!" sobbed Johnnie. "I'se lost my ha'penny. O, dear! I'se really lost it!"

"Well, that is a pity; but crying won't find it. You wait a minute till I've made father's sago, and then I'll help you to seek it."

The little boy came and stood by his mother, wiping his eyes, first with one small fist, then with the other; but the tears would come, for all his riches were gone, and he felt very unhappy. He knew, too, that though his mother loved him very much, she could not give him another; for very often now father was so ill, she could not even give them enough to eat.

The sago was made, and while it cooled on the hob, Mrs. Lee helped Johnnie to look for his lost treasure. They searched all round the kitchen, and out in the yard; they peeped under the table, on the chairs, under the dresser, here, there, and everywhere, but all in vain.

"I'se lost it, sure 'nuff!" said poor Johnnie, beginning to cry again; "and there isn't never another ha'penny. O, dear!"

"Never mind; we'll look again presently," said his mother, taking the sago up-stairs to the sick father.

Some minutes passed when a firm stamp, stamp, on the stairs told Mrs. Lee that Johnnie was coming. In he ran directly afterwards, full of glee, with flushed, dimpled cheeks, yet wet with tears, and sparkling eyes. A glance at the bed, as he rushed with outstretched arms to his mother, made him lower his voice, and say in a triumphant whisper—

"I'se found it. No! I'se not, but Jesus has!"

"Jesus has?" said his mother, rather puzzled.

"Yes, He has. I says, 'Please, Jesus, find me my ha'penny, and make me a good boy. Amen!' And then I got up and seeked again, and there was my ha'penny on the table. Mammy, I guess Jesus must have found it in the yard, and come in quiet, and put it there while I had my eyes shut."

Dear children, this is a true story. I see Johnnie very often. He is full of fun, but he has a happy secret which can make him a good and a useful man. He knows and believes that Jesus is his friend. He knows Jesus loves him, so he wasn't afraid to ask Him to find his halfpenny. And how kindly the Lord Jesus answered that little prayer you see; although He is the great God and King who made the earth and the sun and the stars, who rules the stormy waves, and sends the lightning and the wind, who watches over and manages the universe, yet He heard the petition of one little boy of five years old crying for a halfpenny, and showed his child-friend where to look to find it.

Now there are two or three things I want you to remember. Jesus didn't help Johnnie until He was asked, and when Johnnie had asked, he said, "he seeked again" before he found. So when we want Jesus to help us, whether it be to find something, or to learn a lesson, or to keep our temper, we must not stand still when we have asked, but jump up and set to work to do our part, and then we shall have our answer. The halfpenny will be found, the lesson well learnt, or we shall be able to be sweet and gentle, and give a kiss for a blow. — *London Christian.*

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FOR THE

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